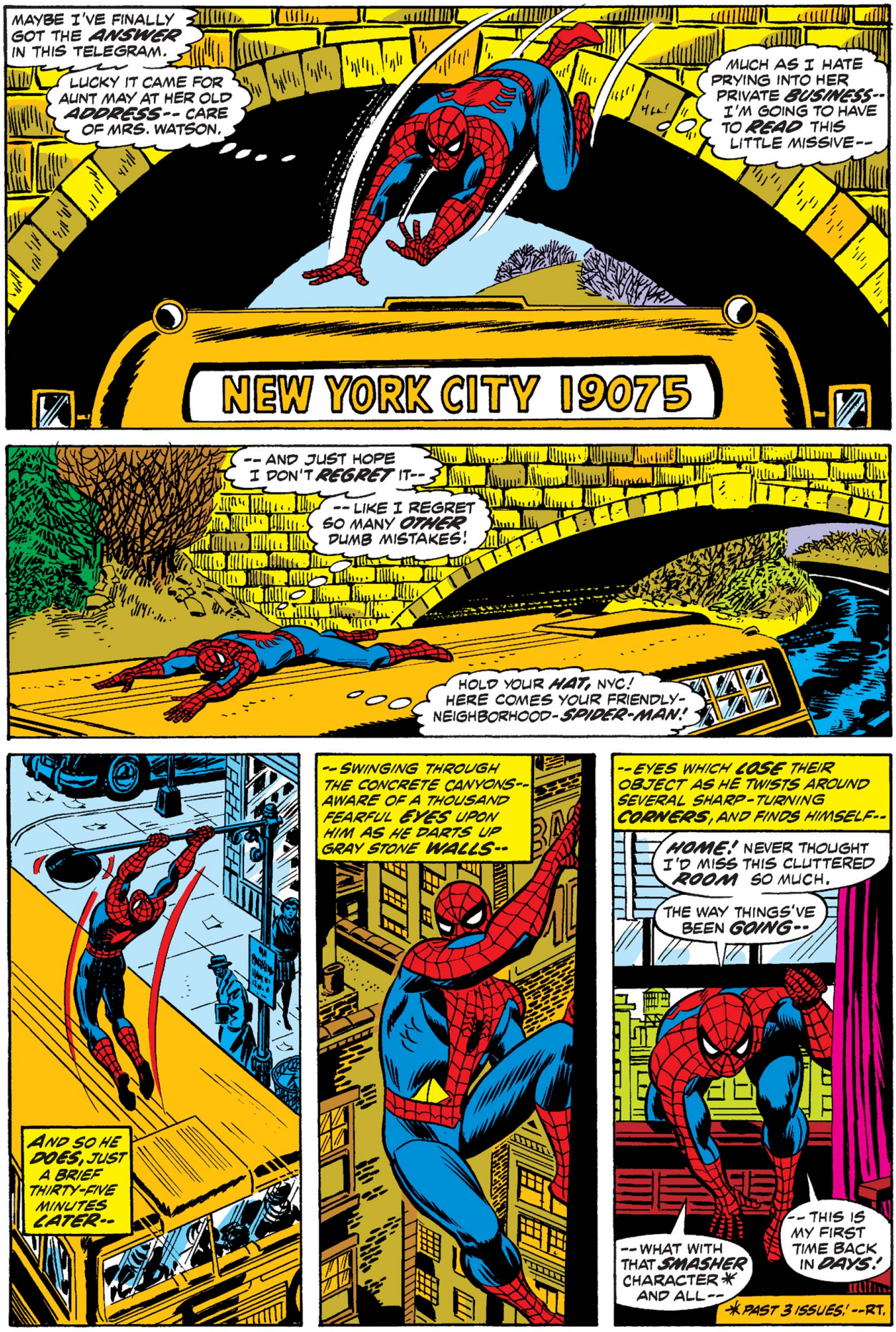
MAYBE I'VE FINALLY GOT THE ANSWER IN THIS TELEGRAM.
LUCKY IT CAME FOR AUNT MAY AT HER OLD ADDRESS-- CARE OF MRS. WATSON.
MUCH AS I HATE PRYING INTO HER PRIVATE BUSINESS-- I'M GOING TO HAVE TO READ THIS LITTLE MISSIVE--
NEW YORK CITY 19075
-- AND JUST HOPE I DON'T REGRET IT--
-- LIKE I REGRET SO MANY OTHER DUMB MISTAKES!
HOLD YOUR HAT, NYC! HERE COMES YOUR FRIENDLY-NEIGHBORHOOD-SPIDER-MAN!
AND SO HE DOES, JUST A BRIEF THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER--
-- SWINGING THROUGH THE CONCRETE CANYONS-- AWARE OF A THOUSAND FEARFUL EYES UPON HIM AS HE DARTS UP GRAY STONE WALLS--
-- EYES WHICH LOSE THEIR OBJECT AS HE TWISTS AROUND SEVERAL SHARP-TURNING CORNERS, AND FINDS HIMSELF--
HOME! NEVER THOUGHT I'D MISS THIS CLUTTERED ROOM SO MUCH.
THE WAY THINGS'VE BEEN GOING--
-- WHAT WITH THAT SMASHER CHARACTER * AND ALL--
-- THIS IS MY FIRST TIME BACK IN DAYS!
* PAST 3 ISSUES! --RT.